> To think that I never get a line from anybody, old or young, that none of my many Toronto relations and friends (?) except my brother and cousin, come to see me, and that nobody at all ever sends me anything in the way of books, magazines, tobacco, or things like that, to think of all these facts is to be deprived of one's faith in human nature, and to believe that all men are fickle, and women doubly so. I know now what to think of those who were only too pleased to be "nice" and "friendly" to me as long as my money and conversation flowed fast and free: but who are entirely oblivious to my existence when I am down on my luck. I know how to think of them now, and try hard to say "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do." More often I fear I ask God to damn then, for I do feel very bitter some whiles.

He is especially stung at having received "no word of cheer" from his small-town aunt and uncle, though such neglect seems consistent with the conventional behaviour and expectations of his very middle-class relatives. In his present despondency he believes that "truly might the front portal bear Dante's line 'spem deponete ... initieri'." His language, studded with melodramatic phrases like "I have abandoned all hope of success in this fleeting and ephemeral world," suggests that however transitory he thought the world was he was still posing for it -- and his female addressee especially. The myth of a promising career wasted, as opposed to a promising career awaiting, could be used to obtain not release but pity.

While his letter is not so much "Life Story" as a suicide note, written rather melodramatically from the viewpoint of "abused ... golden opportunities," it also contains some valuable insight, consistent with some of the information above. In the family context he seems to have suffered for not having a mother and father to speak for him, and to have been stigmatized, by an aunt and a sister especially, "that I was the black sheep of the family[:] 'He is a discredit to the family and a disgrace to his future Alma mater' is one of the many remarks my sister ... made about me in Toronto." He was similarly stigmatized in High School and later at Queens. Such a narrative would be self-defeating in terms of obtaining a release, but here he clearly wants sympathy.